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THE

Devil upon Crutches

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In ENGLAND,

OR

Night Scenes in LONDON.

A

SATIRICAL WORK.

Written upon the Plan of the celebrated
Diable Boiteux of Monsieur *Le Sage*.

By a Gentleman of OXFORD.

O Proceres, Censoreopus est, an Haruspice Nobis?
Juv.

LONDON:

Printed for PHILIP HODGES, at the *Globe*.
in Great Turnstile, Holbourn. 1755.

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Devil upon Crutches

IN ENGLAND,

OR

Night Scenes in London.

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SATIRICAL WORK.



Written upon
Dedicated to

By a Gentleman of Oxford.

Oxford: Printed by J. Sturges, at the
Printers, in Great Tower-Street.

LONDON:

Printed for Philip Henshaw, at the
in Great Tower-Street.



THE

P R E F A C E.

*I*T little concerns the World, to know the Author of the following Sheets. Why they were written? may perhaps be asked. The Answer is short, "To combat Vice and Folly." How they have succeeded, the Public in whose Hands they now are must be the Judges. Thus much the Author has to say in Defence of himself and his Performance. His Intentions were honest. He has attacked the Character of no good Man, through party Rage or private Pique; no Body of People are abused, for Difference in Politics or Religion; no unmeaning Novel, no lascivious Love Stories, calculated to contaminate the Minds of our Youth, debase his Page. One Word more.—Let not Malice apply to REAL Persons Characters that are entirely FICTITIOUS. The Vice, not the Person is attacked—that distinguisheth the Satirist from the Libeller. Reader farewell. If thou art not pleased, it is hoped thou will not meet with any reasonable Cause of Disgust from one who despises the Darts of malicious Censure as much as he disregards unmerited Praise.

III

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T H. E

Devil upon Crutches

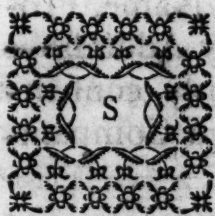
In E N G L A N D,

O R

Night Scenes in L O N D O N.

C H A P. I.

In which the Reader is introduced to the Acquaintance of the Devil Asmodeus, and the Student Eugenio.



SIR, your most devoted, obsequious Slave—How happy am I now, to have the Pleasure of meeting with you after so long a Search.—In vain have I visited all the Stews, Bagnios, and Gaming-Tables.—In vain have I attended the Great Man's Levee in the
B Morning,

Morning, and the Play-houses at Night. You were no where to be found within the Verge of this Metropolis, and my Orders were positive not to stir out of it.

IN this manner, a young well-dressed Person accosted *Eugenio*, a Gentleman of *Oxford*, (who had for a short Time, left that learned Univerſity, to ſee the Manners and Inhabitants of the flourishing City of *London*) as he was amuſing himſelf with a ſolitary Walk in the Park by Moon-light. I fancy, Sir, you are miſtaken, answered *Eugenio*, for to the beſt of my Remembrance, I never ſaw your Face before.—I know that very well, replied the gay Stranger, yet I flatter myſelf, you will not be diſpleaſed with me, when we are a little better acquainted: But the Mall is too much crowded for an Explanation here; if you will favour me with your Company in yonder bye Walk, I will inform you my Name, Profeſſion, and the Reason of my Addreſs.—The aſtoniſhed Student tacitly conſented, and followed his unknown Companion to the retired Spot.

You ſee before you, *Eugenio*, cried the Stranger, no leſs a Perſon than *Aſmodeus*,
whoſe

whose Name Monsieur *Le Sage*.—How! *Asmodeus*! interrupted the Student, in the utmost Surprise. Yes, *Asmodeus* himself, the very identical *Dæmon*, replied the other, whom *Le Sage* has rendered for ever famous, by disclosing his Conversation with Don *Cleofas Leandro Perez de Zambullo*. But that damned Work almost deprived me of my Devilship; for I was immediately delivered from the cursed Magician's Incantments, (who had again stopped me up close in a much smaller Phial than the former, after he forced me to leave precipitately the Student of *Alcala*,) and summoned to Hell to answer for my Proceedings. The Infernal Council were puzzled what Punishment to inflict upon me. Various were mentioned, but none could be agreed upon; till at last *Belphegor* proposed to send me into *England*, to preside over the *Gamesters* and *Suicides*. This was instantly complied with, and Sentence passed upon me; but it is impossible I should endure it long, for Hell has not such another Torment.

I AM amazed *Asmodeus*, to hear you talk in this Manner, replied *Eugenio*, if my Memory fail me not very much, you

yourself were the first Introducer of Luxury, Gaming, Routs, Drums, and several other fashionable Amusements, into the World, calculated merely to murder Time, Health and Fortune.—Curse on my Invention, so I was, cried the *Dæmon*, but as he who contrived the Brazen Bull for *Phalaris*, first tried it himself, so I am ruined by my own Arts.—I invented the Amusements you have mentioned, solely for the Use of the *French* Nation, whose natural Levity disposes them to adopt every Vice and Folly, that wears the Appearance of Diversion. But I was mistaken—the Infection spread—and *England*, who every Year sends over her most conspicuous Fools, to improve—Improve what? cried *Eugenio*, with some Warmth. Not their Understanding, I assure you, returned *Asmodeus*, I never yet knew a Man that was fond of foreign Manners and Fashions, but had a weak Head, or a bad Heart.—But by what unaccountable Fatality I know not the *once* brave, rough, and victorious *English*, are entirely *Frenchified*, and their rival Neighbours, by as strange a Metamorphosis, endure Hardships, win Battles, and if they proceed with equal Rapidity, are in a fair Way, to give Laws, as well as Fashions
to

to *Europe*. Truths, but fatal ones! exclaimed *Eugenio*, I am astonished to find a Devil of so much Veracity. Your Fraternity has surely been wrongfully stigmatized with the opprobrious Appellation of Liars. No Complements, kind Sir, returned *Asmodeus*; but to say Truth, you Mortals do not use us with all the Respect due to our Quality. We Devils never tell a Lie without we have some Prospect of Advantage; yet Men will tell ten Thousand insipid ones, that can afford them no other Profit or Pleasure, than that of committing a Sin, which, as the Mode now is, is one of the greatest Enjoyments of Life. There is no one Vice in Hell, but what Mankind has purloined from us. Nay, sometimes, they are before hand with us in Invention: So that instead of making use of all our Arts, to decoy them into Snares, they commonly force themselves upon us, whether we will or not. What then, said *Eugenio*, is the grievous Torment you complain of, when you have so little to perform? So little! replied the Daemon, alas! Sir, you are unacquainted with the Fatigues I undergo: To convey Gamesters and Suicides to the Infernal Mansions, is a Task fitter for the powerful

ful Devil *Leviathan*, than myself; besides, there is scarce a Day passes but I have one or more to conduct there.—But I perceive Impatience in your Looks—You would ask the Reason of my addressing myself to you, and why I would venture again to disclose the Secrets of the Infernal Powers. The Answer is short—I knew by my Art, that you were in this Metropolis—That you were much better acquainted with the Recesses of *Lycæum*, and the Banks of *Ilissus*, than the Avenues of St. *James's*—That you had studied Books more than Men, and although you had frequently and familiarly conversed with the Emperor *Antoninus*, you never had the Honour of one Hours Conversation with a modern Great Man.—To the second Question I answer, I was willing to be disgraced, disregarded, despised, nay booted at through Hell: To be plain, I was threatned the next Time I offended, to be deprived of all Offices, and condemned to pass my Time in a stoical State of Inactivity, which to a Devil of any Spirit, is the greatest Misfortune that can happen to him.—One Question more, my good Friend *Asmodeus*, and I shall be perfectly satisfied, said *Eugenio*. Monsieur *Le Sage* has described you as a
most

most frightful Figure—about two Foot and a Half in Height, leaning upon Crutches, with the Legs of a Goat, long Visage, snub Nose, and your other Parts in Proportion. And he was in the Right, replied the *Dæmon*, but at present I am permitted to assume whatever Shape I please, the better to effect my Purposes. I have just now, left a celebrated Gaming-Table, where one of the Fraternity, enraged at the Loss of his Money, drew his Sword, and run his Antagonist thro' the Body—he himself is now in the Hands of Justice, and in all Probability, will make a very decent *Exit*, next Sessions at the *Old-Bailey* : For the great Men that were in Company with him, will never give themselves the least Trouble to apply in his Behalf, notwithstanding he has been their constant Companion for the last six Months. Instead of great, said *Eugenio*, you must certainly mean very worthless Men, for such I esteem them to be, who admit Sharppers into their Company. Not so, I assure you, replied *the Infernal*, the greatest Scoundrel in the Nation, if he is but well dressed, and plays deep, is a Companion for the most opulent Nobleman in it. Poor Merit is more disregarded

garded than ever, nobody will take the least Notice of it at this End of the Town. Pimping and Gaming are the only Steps to Preferment, and the Notice of the Great—but the latter Profession hath almost kicked the former out of Doors, for Men of Spirit and Fashion devote their Time to Cards and Dice, and look upon their Mistresses with almost as much Contempt, as upon their Wives. But come Sir, give me your Hand—we are now invisible—in the Twinkling of an Eye you shall stand upon the Top of yonder high Building; from thence you shall see what passes in this Quarter.—So—Now we are landed.

READER, if thou art desirous to know what further passed between the *Dæmon* and the Student, thou must follow them—not to the Top of the Fabrick, but to the next Chapter.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

*A Rout at Lady Spades. Characters of
the polite Company there.*

I AM now going to present to your Sight, continued *Asmodeus*, one of the politest Assemblies—A Rout at Lady *Spades*—A Collection of all the celebrated Beauties, Beaus, Lords and Scoundrels in Town.—Here *Vice* appears in her gayest Cloathing, but *Modesty*, *Virtue* and *Honour* are never suffered to enter, or if they enter unadvisedly, or by Mistake, are never permitted to retire untainted.

BEHOLD at that Table the greatest Monster the World ever produced; no Object the Sun ever shone on is half so deformed.—Heavens! what can that be? replied *Eugenio*, I see you point to a very lovely young Lady at Cards—but what in the Name of Wonder can you mean? A FEMALE GAMESTER, returned *Asmodeus*, her Name is *Leonora*—Her Story is as follows.—She was married very young, to a noble Lord, the Honour and Ornament of his Country, who hoped to preserve her from the Contagion of the

C Times,

Times, by his own Example: and to say Truth, she had every good Quality, that could recommend her to the Bosom of a Man of Decernment and Worth.—

But alas, how frail and short are the Joys of Mortals! How soon is Virtue when it begins to totter, degenerated into Vice?

As the blooming Flowers of the Spring, are instantly destroyed by the cold Blasts of the Winter, so the Moment the Lust of Gaming takes Possession of the human Heart, every virtuous Consideration that can render Man supportable to himself, is utterly lost and eradicated.—But to

proceed—One unfortunate Hour ruined his darling visionary Scheme of Happiness: She was introduced to the infamous Woman under whose Roof she now is—she was drawn into play—liked it—and what is the unavoidable Consequence—was ruined—having lost more in one Night, than would have maintained a Hundred useful Families for a Twelve-Month; she was obliged to prostitute her Body to the Wretch that had won her money, to recover her Loss: From this Moment she might justly have exclaimed with the Moor,

Farewel

Farewel the tranquil Mind! Farewel Content!

The affectionate Wife, the agreeable Companion, the indulgent Mistress were now no more. In vain, she flattered herself, the Injury she had done her Husband, would for ever remain one of those Secrets which can only be disclosed at the last Day. Mistaken Woman! the Cries of Justice are too strong for any human Power to stifle.—Though the Paths before her seemed easy and pleasant, impending Thunder filled the Air, Vengeance pursued her Steps, and Infamy spread her venomous Wings around her—while she triumphed in her Security, she was lost.—The Villain who enjoyed her, boasted of the Favours he had received.—Modern *Humanity* conveyed the fatal News to the Ears of her injured Lord.—He refused to believe what he thought impossible, but Honour obliged him to call the Boaster into the Field.—The Hero (for he had all the Qualifications our modern Romances require, namely, Whoring, Drinking, Duelling, and Gaming, to complete one,) received the Challenge with much more Contentment than Concern: As he had Resolution enough to murder

any Man he had injured, so he was certain, if he had the Fortune to conquer his Antagonist, he should be looked upon as the Head of all the modern *Bucks* and *Bloods*; esteemed by the Men as a *brave Fellow*, and admired by the Ladies for a *fine Gentleman* and an *agreeable Rake*.

You must pardon me, Mr. *Asmodeus*, said *Eugenia*, if I am obliged to question the Truth of this Part of your Relation. Is it possible that Women, who were formed for the Happiness of Mankind, can take any Delight in, or suffer the Company of the Wretch, who has destroyed his Brother?---There is nothing more common, replied his Devilship, what greater Pleasure can a fine Lady receive, except cheating at Cards, than to see the dear, brave, heroic Man who will run an innocent Person through the Body, for accidentally treading upon his Corns, dying at her Feet, and existing only by her Smiles. In a Word, the Ladies look upon Courage in our Sex to be equal to Chastity in theirs, at least the Appearances of both must be preserved. But to resume the Thread of my Story which you have interrupted.---The Hero and the Husband met, the former not content
with

with declaring,---exulted in his Guilt. But his Triumph was of short Date---a home Thrust drove his indignant Soul from her frail Tenement, to the great Mortification of all the Men of Frolic and Pleasure of the Age.

Lucius (for that is the Husband's Name) after a long Conflict in his Bosom between Justice and Mercy, Tenderness and Rage, resolved, what never could have been thought on by an *Italian* Husband, and very seldom is practised by an *English* one---to pardon his Wife---conceal her Crime, and preserve her, if possible, from utter Destruction.---But the Gates of Mercy were opened in vain---The Offender refused Forgiveness--because she had offended: The Lust of Gaming had absorbed all other Desires. She still plays on, while her *easy* Lord is hastening by a quick Decay to that Place, where "THEY ARE NEITHER MARRIED NOR GIVEN IN MARRIAGE. Execrable *Murderess*, for such she *doubly* is, exclaimed the Student! How can she appear in Public? How wear that smile upon her Face? Has Conscience entirely deserted her?---Only nods a little, that is all, replied the *Dæmon*, it will soon wake and sting her into Horrors.

rors. When that Carnation Bloom, as shortly it will, has left her Cheeks, and those Eyes that now shine so bright, are become weak and languid, what a despicable Creature must she be, without Innocence, or Peace of Mind to comfort her? But no more of this.

OBSERVE that well-dressed Gentleman, with what Philosophy he loses his Money to the Lady that sits over-against him?---But see he rises---his Stock is now exhausted, and he must raise Contributions on the Public for more; the Stage Coaches that set out early in the Morning must repay him.---Is it possible he can be a Highwayman? cried *Eugenio*. Yes, Yes, said his Companion, there are many more Gentlemen of his Profession in the Room. To say Truth, their Case is something hard; the Road often favours them beyond their most sanguine Expectations, and the Gaming-Table as constantly fleeces them: Till at last some of the *bravest* most generous Men the Nation produces, are reduced to the perplexing Dilemma of making their *Exit* by the Hands of the common Hangman, or (which is much more polite) by their own. Does the Lady he played with suspect his Employ-

Employment, said the Student?---Her Suspicion is lost in Certainty, returned *Asmodeus*, she is too well acquainted with the Town, not to know how a great many *Gentlemen* without *Fortunes*, live upon their *Means*. To be plain, she is as great a Cheat as he is a Thief; having been debauched at the Age of Fourteen, by one of the circumcised Race, (who had retired into the Country, with an Estate of half a Million, which he had procured in a few Years, with the Blessing of Providence and his own Industry;) by a Twelve-months Cohabitation, she had so far imbibed his Principles, that she thought proper to make use of false Keys, and finger a considerable Quantity of his favourite Gold; she soon after dismissed herself from her Keeper's Service, and came up to Town with a handsome Retinue, composed of broken Sharpers, who determined to stand another Trial before they gave out.---Madam, with the Assistance of her Colleagues, and the Cash she had purloined from the *Jew*, was enabled to take an handsome House at this Part of the Town.---Her worthy Friends having given her Instructions for her Behaviour, and furnished her with the *immortal* Mr. *Hoyle's* most excellent

Treatises

Treatises on Gaming, reported it Abroad, that she was a *Yorkshire* Widow with a very large Jointure, who never before had seen the Town.---The Bait was successful, and the Gudgeons were taken---People of the best Quality constantly were her Visitors, and as did she not want Beauty, amorous Puppies of all Sorts, paid their Addresses to the imaginary Goddess, who pretending to be fond of Cards, received very large Contributions from her Admirers, who took a Pleasure in parting with their Money to so rich a Lady, fondly hoping it would soon be their own again.---They all offered her Marriage, and were civilly denied, in a Manner that gave an Addition to their Expectations. By these Means she has acquired a handsome Fortune, and as she had the good Luck never to be suspected of an Intreague, is looked upon as a Prodigy of Virtue at this Part of the Town.

Qui vult decipi decipiatur, is, I find, the Maxim, which these Sort of People lay down as inviolable, said *Eugenio*, if these are the People of Fashion and Taste, may Retirement and Obscurity be ever my Lot. But you have not told me, my kind Monitor, the Name of that meagre
Person

Person, on whose Countenance Want and Despair seem to fit, methinks too he is but meanly dressed in Comparison with his gaudy Company. That, answered *Asmodeus*, was the gay, the gallant, the agreeable *Florio*, first in the Box, the Ring, and Mall. He is now many Degrees worse than nothing, having squandered away an almost princely Estate, in one eternal Round of Vice and Folly, he is obliged to live on the Assistance he receives from the very Men who caused him to ruin his Fortune, and shared the Plunder.—He has just now received Subscriptions, for publishing a Treatise he has written, proving the Mortality of the Soul, dedicated to the most beautiful Woman now living. It is thought this Performance, will in some Measure, retrieve his Affairs, as People of Quality are very desirous of being assured, that when dead, they shall share the Fate of their Dogs and Monkeys—*wisely* giving up all Pretensions to another World, so they may be permitted to gratify their Appetites and Passions in this.—Good Heavens! is it possible there is a Wretch who disbelieves the Existence of a God? cried the Student. There is not, answered his Companion, the Gentlemen who dignify
D them-

themselves with the Title of *Free Thinkers*, endeavour to disbelieve, but their Efforts are vain.—View a *pretended* Atheist on his Death-bed, and your Indignation will be soon turned into Compassion, when you shall hear him in the Agonies of Despair, cry out for Mercy from that Supreme Power, whose Existence he has denied. Where then is his fallacious Reasoning? His boasted Philosophy? His Contempt of Death? Can all the quaint superficial Arguments of *Tindal*, *Hobbes*, *Toland*, and *Collins*, the abusive *No-Reasoning* of the contemptible *Woolston*, or the vain Blusterings, and absurd Dogmas of the restless factious *Bolingbroke*, first a Traytor to his King, and then to his God, afford him Comfort? To such a Man how terrible are his last Hours, the Wretch upon the Rack is at Ease when compared to him. But we have seen enough of this Assembly, let me introduce you to another, different only in this, that no Ladies are suffered to enter.

C H A P. III.

Where the Reader may take a View of a certain Chocolate-House.

OBERVE that spacious Room, *Eugenio*, hung round with Looking-Glasses of an enormous Size. How it is crowded! Here the young Nobility and Gentry, not less the Hopes of *Britain*, than *Marcellus* was of *Rome*, meet.—Here too the Aged and Infirm worn out with Cares and endless Vigils, for the *Service of their Country*, come to view the young *Senators* and *Patriots*, who soon must push them off the Stage.

OBSERVE that Youth covered with a rich Brocade, viewing himself in the Glass. How Joy sparkles in his Eyes! He seems not to touch the Ground as he swims along.—Certainly, said *Eugenio*, he possesses that Happiness the Philosophers in vain sought for in every Age. Perhaps he has just now raised some worthy indigent Person from the rough Gripe of Poverty, and restored him to the World again.—Has he given a beautiful, friendless, helpless Orphan a Portion, and

preserved her from Prostitution, or——
 Ha! ha! exclaimed the *Dæmon*, upon my
 Word, Friend, you are very much out in
 your Conjectures.---That is *Claudio*, who
 married a young Lady of Beauty and
 Fortune, and had the good Luck to
 break her Heart within the half Year.
 After her Decease he commenced Game-
 ster, and has been duped by every Sharper
 in Town. His Lands were mortgaged,
 his Timber sold, and his Steward run
 away with the Money, before he per-
 ceived he was ruined.---A Fit of Despair
 seized him, but it lasted not long.——
 He applied to the Ministry.——They
 were in want of a Man who would make
 no Scruple of sacrificing his Country,
 and his Conscience. A *Cornish* Borough
 was ordered to return him to * * *. He
 implicitly obeyed the Dictates of his
 Masters, and an handsome Pension was
 the Price of his Honour and Liberty——
 Yet has this Slave the Impudence to boast
 of Freedom.

WHAT a Number of Stars and Garters
 are got in a Cluster together! cried *Eu-
 genio*, certainly some glorious Action will
 soon take Birth. Perhaps they are con-
 sulting to ease their Country from some
 of

of the most oppressive Taxes, or planning salutary Laws to depress Vice and Immorality.——It must be so! for see they break up, and Joy appears in every Countenance!——And well it may, answered *Asmodeus*; they have just now finished the Subscription for the *Italian* Operas that are to be performed next Winter. How their *honest* Souls rejoice to think, they shall once again hear harmonious Nonsense, warbled from an Eunuch's Throat, in a Language they do not understand. They prefer the Scraping of a foreign Fiddle, to all the Beauties of Poetry in their own Tongue, aided by Music that would not disgrace the greatest ancient Masters of that Art. The *L' Allegro* and *Penseroso* of your own *Milton*, are Proofs of what I assert.——There was a Time, when the Patrons of their Country, were the Patrons of Merit, when the homely Compositions of *Shakespeare*, *Johnson* and *Fletcher*, were the Delight of all Degrees of the People. But those Days are past, and Reason must give Place to Sound.

OBSERVE that Place thronged with Gamesters and Betters. How Joy, Hope, Fear, Rage, and Despair, alternately take Possession

Possession of every Face. Weep *Britain*, weep! for there thy truest Friend and ablest Senator, neglects thy Welfare and his own. Hemmed in by Sharpers and Rascals——But no more.——Ultimate Perfection is what Mortality can never reach.

THAT ill-looking Slave, cried *Eugenio*, how he cringes and fawns upon that Star and Garter! the great Man too, puts a Piece of Paper in his Hand!——Two Thousand Pounds only, answered *Asmodeus*, the Price of Perjury.——You know him, I fear, too well.——But let him go with Infamy and Reproach his constant Attendants.——And see his Coadjutor appears, and addresses the same Person, Noble indeed by his Titles.——How kind a Look his Lordship vouchsafes to cast upon him! O worthy * * * *, worthy such a Patron, proceed great Man! whether a *Divine*, or a *Retailer of Ale*, proceed! Discover Plots of thy own inventing.——Abuse each good and worthy Name, and know no other God but thy Interest.

*These are thy Triumphs thy Exploits, O! * * **

the

THE Shade OATES, rejoices at the growing Glory of his adopted Son, and with Pleasure hears a grateful People, unanimously confer upon him the *sacred* Title of DIGNIFIED INFORMER. Blush, blush, ye *Beaufords, Westmorelands, Kings, and Huddesforths*, that such a Man could be your Foe.

OBSERVE that old Gentleman looking on the Gamesters---those Heaps of Money that are counted out on the Table by him, he lends to the Losers at the moderate Interest of 50 *per Cent.* and by those means has accumulated an immense Fortune—he retires—let us follow him. I fear he intends to find me some Employment.—It is so—he enters his Apartment—the Pistol in his Hand is loaded—he places it to his Head, and is now no more. Give me your Hand, *Eugenio*, quick let us descend, for I must convey the illustrious Shade to the dreary Mansions—that Labour performed, I will visit you again; till then Farewell.

C H A P. IV.

Contains an Account of several Transactions in the Quality End of the Town.

THE *Dæmon Asmodeus*, had not left the Student *Eugenio*, an Hour, when he returned. Come my new Acquaintance, said the Fiend, let us ascend yon high Pinnacle, and take a View of the Transactions beneath.—You have seen the Fate of Gamesters, let us now behold a Scene not quite so moving.

OBSERVE that fat Prelate fast asleep in his Bed. How loud he snores!—But examine the Garret, what do you see there? I see what is a Scandal to a Christian Nation, answered *Eugenio*, a *Clergyman* in a very ragged Plight, studying very earnestly. He is now composing, continued the *Dæmon*, a Discourse that will do Honour to his Religion and his Country.—The Prelate is appointed to preach To-morrow before an illustrious House, and will doubtless receive their Thanks for his Chaplain's Sermon. *Sic vos non Vobis*, said the Student. But is it consonant to his Lordship's Charity and Character,

Character, to suffer the Man whose Writings he appropriates to himself, to go unrewarded.—*Unrewarded*, exclaimed *Asmodeus*, why the Man has *only* a Wife and ten Children, and his Lordship allows him twenty Pounds a Year to keep him from starving, upon the Account of a long Acquaintance.—They were both bred up at the same College; *Hebes*, for that is the Prelate's Name, spent all his Time over Ale and Tobacco. Being Heir to a patrimonial Estate of two hundred Pounds *per Annum*, Fortune who commonly bestows her Favours upon those who have the least need of them, blessed him with an handsome Sister, whose Beauty attracting the Eyes of a great Man, soon preferred the Brother to a Bishoprick.—As rose *Marlborough*, so rose *Hebes*.—*Varro*, his Friend, who had nothing to depend upon but his Industry, persued his Studies with the utmost Severity, and at length obtained a Fellowship of thirty Pounds a Year. He soon after with an Ingenuity, not uncommon to Academics, married a young Lady of Beauty and Merit, without one Farthing Portion; lost his Fellowship, and was reduced to the utmost Straights, when his old Friend thinking him of

Use, compassionately took him into his Service.

OBSERVE in the next House, a young well-dressed Gentleman in an amorous Dispute with his Maid. He has been married three Weeks, and was so excessive fond of his Lady before he enjoyed her, that being refused by her Father, who had promised her to another, he ran his Rival through the Body, and at last carried her off with an armed Force, as she was paying a Visit with the old Gentleman, to a distant Relation: But my Lady repays him in his own Coin, and is this Moment in the Arms of an Officer of the Guards, at a noted Bagnio. O HYMEN thou Son of *Bacchus*! cried *Eugenio*.—Hush, hush, interrupted *Asmodeus*, Matrimony is discountenanced enough by your Superiors without your Assistance; tho' in my Opinion, a certain celebrated Treatise in Folio, was not so much intended to encourage Fornication, as to

**** Hark in your Ear **** It is dangerous in some Countries, even for me, to speak the Truth, lest it should be deemed a Libel; for a *living* Lawyer is an Overmatch for twenty Devils.

IN

IN the corner House, see yon old miserly Chuff, who has starved himself these fifty Years, and denied his Family the Necessaries of Life, counting over his immense Mass of Money. Enjoy it old Man! feast thy Sight with it! for this is the last Time thou shalt ever behold it more. His Nephew, who is his next Heir, has conveyed a Dose of Poison into the Sack-whey he drinks before he goes to Bed, and To-morrow will be Master of all his Wealth, and if I mistake not, will soon dissipate the hoarded Angels.

BLESS me! cried *Eugenio*, what gentle Screams are those, which seem to be uttered by a Person in Distress, who has no Mind to be relieved? Turn your Eyes, answered *Asmodeus*, to yonder House—— You behold there a young Lady who has been married this Morning, horrid Thought! obliged to endure the Embraces of her Husband. *Modest* Creature! Her Father's Butler two Years ago, let her know what she was to expect.

HARK! the Voice of Merriment is under yonder Roof. Joy appears in every Face, particularly in that of a young Lady of Sixteen, who has this Morning

been married, I mean sacrificed, to an old Fellow of Sixty. Whether the Bride breeds or not, the old Gentleman's Head stands fair to have Issue.—Good Heavens! cried *Eugenio*! What unaccountable Madness! Certainly the young Lady was forced into this Match by the Severity of an imperious Father.—No such thing, answer the *Dæmon*, her Fortune was but small, the old Fellow is excessively Rich, and she chose rather to be a Wretch in State, than live happy with a decent Competence.

VIEW yonder old Gentleman, with his Legs wrapt up in Flannel, How impatient he seems! His Impatience occasioned, I suppose by the excruciating Pangs, replied the Student. No, no, returned the Devil, you are mistaken. *His Pangs are of the Soul*. To say Truth, he is a most unfortunate Fellow: Having acquired a large Fortune by Merchandize, some *Dæmon*, Eoe to Peace, put it into his Head, that three emphatical Letters before his Name, would have a very pleasing Sound. He purchased them at the Rate of one Hundred each. Here began his Misfortunes. His Wife, good Woman, who used to content herself

with

with the old comfortable Way of Gossiping and Scandal, being now made a Lady, insisted upon the Knight's leaving off Trade, and removing to the Court End of the Town. In vain he remonstrated, — Compliance was the only Road to Peace; for what Mortal can resist the Force of female Charms? or (unless armed with a Crab-stick) of female Fury? — The Lady was soon introduced to some needy People of Quality, who pleased with the Opportunity drew her into Play, which occasions frequent Draughts on Sir *Timothy's* Coffers. Within these three Hours, he has (like an ill bred Cit as he is) been three Thousand Times making an Offer of himself, Wife, and the Parson who performed the Ceremony, to the Devil.

BUT yonder is a Sight indeed, said *Eugenio*, a middle-aged Lady, regardless of Drums, Hurricanes, Routs and Operas, contemplating in her Closet. True, replied the Infernal, with *SOLOMON*, she has tried all the Pleasures of human Life; and has found that all is Vanity, except her favourite Amusement of getting drunk by herself.

OBSERVE

OBSERVE in that Tavern, two Gentlemen in close Talk. How earnestly they seem to argue, said *Eugenio*. Yes, answered *Asmodeus*, they are upon Business of Importance; they have matched their Horses, to run next Meeting at *New-market*, and are now disputing whose shall win. Then the Race is not to be decided, replied the Student, by the Strength and Swiftness of the Coursers, but by the Pleasure of the Owners. You are very right, returned the *Dæmon*, tho' sometimes the Riders, when it is to their Advantage, take in their Masters, (not out of a Principle of Honesty, I assure you) and deceive those who would have deceived all the Rest of the World.

OH! I shall burst with Laughing, continued the Infernal. In the next House a Company of grave Personages are at Loggerheads.—They are a Consultation of Physicians, who have differed about the Case of an old Gentleman, whom they were sent for to relieve, and are deciding the Matter by Blows—but the Patient wisely resolved to take none of their Drugs, and has departed this Life above this half Hour.

A SCENE

A SCENE of Distress I observe not far off, said *Eugenio*.—An old Man gasping for Breath, and I fear expiring: And, O Monstrous! a young Fellow who stands by his Bedside, instead of assisting him, is plucking the Pillow from beneath his Head.—He is willing to hasten his Journey a little, answered the *Dæmon*, that is all. But the Rogue is confoundedly bit: He thinks to enjoy all his Estate; and so he would, had not the old Wretch reflecting upon his past Life, made a Will Yesterday, and gave all his Fortune to public Hospitals; vainly hoping that the charitable Disposal of his Riches when he could no longer use them, would make amends to Heaven, for a long Life of Villainy and Extortion.

BUT come *Eugenio*, it is Time to make a Visit to the Theatres. If you please I will attend you. With all my Heart, replied the Student, I have heard much Talk of the favourite Actor, and should be glad to see whether common Fame has done him Justice.

C H A P. V.

A short View of the Theatres of Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

THE Words were hardly out of the Students Mouth, when he found himself seated in *Drury-Lane Theatre*, with his Companion by his Side, invisible as before.—How the House is thronged! cried *Eugenio*; what a brilliant Company of Ladies have taken Possession of the Boxes! You have not told me, my Friend, what the Play is. But certainly Mr. *Garrick* must appear in one of his best Characters, To-night, to draw such a Company together. *Hamlet*, *Lear*, or *Mackbeth*, I would venture a Wager. Then you would certainly lose, answered his Companion. To-night is to be performed the most barefaced baudry Farce, (for it does not deserve the Name of a Comedy) that ever disgraced the Stage; in which the Manager, who has caused it to be revived, is to perform the principal Part. The Play, Sir, is called **THE CHANCES**, written by the witty and wicked Duke of *Buckingham*, and this is the tenth Night of its Representation to
crammed

crammed Houses, which have amply rewarded the Manager, for his successful Endeavours to corrupt and deprave the Morals of the People. Is it possible, replied *Eugenio*, if the Play is as bad as you describe it, that *Women* who have the least Pretensions to Modesty, dare be seen at it? Oh, answered the *Dæmon*, to the Honour of your fair Countrywomen, be it spoken, though they resent the least loose Discourse in private Company, they are fond of the most fulsome Obscenity upon the Stage, and will not suffer a Blush to take Possession of their Cheeks, while they are attending to Scenes that would disgrace the Stews. What can we think of the Audience? And what can we think of the Manager? said *Eugenio*, surely he must have played his *Lears* and *Hamlets* to empty Houses, and is obliged to have resource to these extraordinary Proceedings, to pay his Expences. I remember to have read with Pleasure, the Prologue, written by an excellent Poet, which Mr. *Garrick* himself spoke upon the Stage, at his first commencing Manager; if you will give me leave, I will repeat Part of the Lines to you, which I am afraid he has entirely forgot.—The *Dæ-*

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mon

mon nodded Assent, and the Student proceeded.

*The Wits of Charles found easy Ways to Fame,
Nor wish'd for JOHNSON's Art, or SHAKESPEARE's
Flame;*

*Themselves they studied, as they felt they Writ,
Intreague was Plot, Obscenity was Wit,
Vice always found a sympathetic Friend;
They pleas'd their Age, and did not wish to mend.
Yet Bards like these aspired to lasting Praise,
And proudly hoped to pimp in future Days.
Their Cause was gen'ral, their Support was strong,
Their Slaves were willing, and their Reign was long;
Till Shame regain'd the Post that Sense betray'd,
And Virtue call'd Oblivion to her Aid.*

Eugenio having concluded, *Asmodeus* smiling answered, this very Man who at the Beginning of his Reign, complain'd in sharp Terms against his Rival, for performing Pantomimes, soon after introduced them upon his own Stage. In one Word, Friend, let the Resolutions of Men be as good and as strong as they will, it is an Hundred to one, but the *sacred* Lust of Gold will break through and destroy them——though the Ways to the Temple of PLUTUS are thorny and rugged, yet how many disregard Danger and Difficulty, and boldly pierce to its inmost Recesses.—But are not these Adventurers, said the Student, sometimes obliged to leave their Conscience

science and Honour behind them?—And a good Riddance too, replied the Infernal, for Men who are resolved to be rich, cannot have greater Clogs upon them.—But you do not attend to my Discourse. Ha! ha! *Eugenio*, I see where your Eyes are fixed: The Man that enters this Place, may truly be said to run into Temptation. That Lady you seem so much to admire is—a Lady of exquisite Beauty. And I don't doubt but her Virtue is proportionable, returned the Student, with some Shortness. What beautiful Breasts! What a Neck! What Eyes! How happy must that Man be who can call so beautiful a Creature his own!—Good Sir, a Truce with your Raptures one Moment, if you please, interrupted *Asmodeus*. That beautiful Creature, as you call her, has been upon the Town these two Years, and in that Space above a Dozen Times under the Surgeons Hands. Her Complexion is owing to Paint, and her Shape to Bolsters, which it is impossible for mortal Eyes to perceive at this Distance; she is now at the Age of Eighteen sinking into the Grave, overwhelmed with Diseases.—So little Credit ought to be given to Appearances.—Those Wretches that sit round her are of the same Stamp, and unless they meet with a young Fellow

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who

who without regard to his Health or Fortune, will treat them at the Tavern, notwithstanding, their gay Looks, must go Supperless to Bed. Are all then in that Box Prostitutes? cried *Eugenio*. How are they to be distinguished from Women of Virtue? Not by their Dress I will assure you, returned *Asmodeus*; for it is at present, the Fashion for Ladies of Quality, to ape the Dress and Behaviour of the Inhabitants of the Stews, as much as in their Power. Naked Breasts and Shoulders, and short Petticoats seem to foretel, that they will soon return to the ancient Cloathing worn by their Grandmother *Eve*, before she sewed the Fig-leaves together.

BUT come *Eugenio*, let us leave this thriving House, and visit the almost abandoned one, at *Covent-Garden*, whose Manager is in every Respect, directly opposite the Owner of this: For he is indolent, careless, and generous, bullied by his Actors, continually forming Schemes, and never putting them in Execution. To-Night a new Play is to be performed there, which will certainly be damned, or what is worse, left to expire in an empty House, for two very good Reasons. —First,

—First, because it is a Work of Merit, and secondly, because it is not performed at *Drury-Lane*. Lay hold on my Skirts, we are now at the Theatre, look round and make your Observations.—I cannot help observing, that in the first Place you have chosen a wrong Epithet for this Place, said *Eugenio*, when you called it *abandoned*. I had some Reason for calling it so, answered his Companion, To-morrow Night there will not be ten People in the Pit, which is now so crowded. The first Night of a new Play, the Critics who wait with Impatience, like Vultures for a falling Carcase, are sure to fill the House.—Are those you call Critics, replied the other, really Men of *Judgment*—I fear too many usurp that respectable Name, which originally had a very different Import, from what it now has. In the modern Lexicons I fear it will be explained by an ignorant *Caviller*. And very justly too, said *Asmodeus*, for amongst the Crowd below, there are not twenty Persons who are proper Judges of the Beauties or Defects of a Play: And what is more to be lamented, those who are, pay the Tribute of Applause, not with their Hands but

with

with their Hearts. For Blockheads only approve or condemn with Vociferation.

Good Heavens, what a Noise of Cat-calls, Hissing, Hollowing and Fighting, cried the Student. Are these the Men who are to be Judges of a poetical Performance? If I read them aright, they would appear with much greater Propriety in a Bear Garden. But are those who sit in the Pit, what they appear to be by their Dress?—No indeed, Sir, returned the *Dæmon*, the Jays shine To-night with borrowed Feathers. Most of the laced Hats, fine Cloaths and Swords, must To-morrow Morning be returned to *Monmouth-Street*, to their respective Owners; and the Hackney-writers, Apprentices, Cobblers, Butchers, and Pickpockets, who have them now in Possession, return to their several Employments.

If you are willing, *Eugenio*, we will take leave of the *dying*, (for it is impossible this Play can live upon the Stage, with such Brutes for its Judges) and visit the superb *Mausoleums* of the *Dead*. But before you go, summon all your Resolution to your Aid, for foolish Mortals tremble at the Sight of those thin Shades, whose Company they soon must join.

C H A P.

C H A P. VI.

Westminster-Abbey, Ghosts and Monuments.

THE *Damon* having conveyed his Acquaintance to the Abbey, was obliged to treat him as *Michael* treated *Adam*.

*From his Eyes the Film removed,
To purge with Euphrasy and Rue
The visual Nerve, for he had much to see.*

That Operation performed, *Eugenio* shuddered with Horror at the Number of Ghosts he saw walking up and down the Place; when *Asmodeus* began thus: Observe that young and majestic Shade over whose Brows hangs an aerial Crown which yet must never drop on them. How pensive he stands with his Arms across—and see a Tear seems to drop from his Eye; yet it is not his own Fate he laments, but his disconsolate Family and mourning Subjects, from whom he was snatched in the Prime of his Years, amidst his darling Schemes of promoting the Happiness, and securing the Welfare of his loving and beloved People. Great-
est

est and best of Princes! cried *Eugenio*,
 is it possible that Sweetness of Disposition,
 Justice, Clemency, and Mercy, in short,
 every Virtue that could adorn one, we
 vainly hoped, born to reign over a free
 and grateful People, could not preserve
 him a few Years longer from the Grave!
 How just are the Words of a Poet now
 amongst these Ghosts applied to him,

*Ne'er to these Chambers where the mighty
 rest,
 Since their Foundation came a nobler Guest;
 Nor e'er was to the Bowers of Bliss convey'd
 A fairer Spirit, or more welcome Shade.*

To give the Virtuous dead their due
 Praise, said the *Dæmon*, is the Duty of
 every generous Mind.—To lament them
 is Folly.

TAKE Notice of yon stern Figure
 bursting from his Sepulchre.—How For-
 midably he frowns.—In his very Looks
 he upbraids the Degeneracy of the Age.—
 And see he points to the *Fleur de Lis* on
 his Shield, and seems to say “BRITONS
 REMEMBER CRESSI.”

BUT

BUT turn your Eyes, from Kings and Princes, who are no more secured from the Stroke of Death, than the meanest Hind, and observe yonder Spirit looking with Indignation upon his Monument; in truth he has Cause to be angry, for it was raised to his Memory through the Vanity of a great Man, who would never afford him one Farthing to keep him from starving whilst he was alive.

ANOTHER poetical Shade is contemplating his own Bust, with as much Pleasure, as the other with Resentment. This Person left by Will the Sum of five hundred Pounds, to be expended in a Monument, resolving to do himself that Justice, it is more than probable an ungrateful Land would have denied him. Such is human Vanity, which ends not with Life but flatters even on the Tombs.

WITH what Sorrow does yonder Ghost read the pompous lying Inscription on his Sepulchre, which has bestowed upon him numberless Virtues which he never possessed! *Viro Nobilissimo, Dignissimo, Optimo.* Can any Satire wound so deep as a Panegyrick on a worthless Man?

G

WITH

WITH what Scorn those two who met accidentally, avoid each other.— They were Father and Son.— The former, was dispatched hither by the latter, whom he bred a Physician, for living too long. But he did not survive him a Fortnight, Death cut him off short, as he was promising Immortality to a rich Patient.

THE next Monument is that of an Actress, who having often personated Queens and Princesses upon the Stage, was judged by her Admirers, worthy to mingle her Dust with theirs.

WHAT absurd Vanity, said *Eugenio* ! But to whom belongs that Magnificent Tomb on the Right-hand ? That, replied his Companion, is one Monument (I wish I could produce more) of *British* Prudence and *British* Gratitude.— It was erected to the Memory of a Heroe, who lost his Life in a Sea-fight to preserve his Admiral's, and maintain the Glory of his Country. I believe we shall not see another erected upon the same Account in Haste.

SEE

SEE where lies the greatest Philosopher the World ever produced. His Name will be revered by the Learned of every Nation, and his Works will remain as long as the Orbs, whose Course he traced, shall continue to move. I will open the Tomb, and show you the mighty Remainder of human Greatness—there, it is Dust.

Nor far off, under that superb Monument lies interred a General, Orator, Philosopher and Courtier, and what is still more wonderful, *an uncorrupted Statesman*; whose Life was a Series of great and good Actions; whose Death would not have disgraced a *Socrates*.

TAKE Notice of that Figure of a Lady weeping! her Breast, when living, was as cold as her Statue, nor could it be warmed by the most ardent Vows and Sighs of her Lovers, till having past her fortieth Year, with the Purity of a Vestal, she formed a Resolution to be useful in her Generation, and accordingly married her Coachman; but the Ceremony was scarce performed, when Death laid his icy Hand upon her, and sent her to sleep with her Fore-fathers.

WHAT a clumsy Heap of Stones is that next, said *Eugenio*, enough to disgrace a *Gothique* Cathedral. It is the resting Place of an old rich Miser, answer'd *Asmodeus*, who drinking Water, to save the Expence of better Liquor, when he was warm, was seized with a violent Fever; in his Extremity he made a thousand Vows and Protestations to amend his Life, and restore what he had unjustly amassed, if ever he should recover. His Vows was heard, and his Health returned: But instead of Amendment, he was more rapacious than ever, till at last Providence resolving to rid the World of a Monster, cut him off as he was putting his Hand to a Mortgage, and saved a whole Family from Ruin.

ON the Left-hand is interred a young Nobleman, of whose growing Virtues the World had the greatest Expectations; and he would have fulfilled them, had his Life been of longer Date; but going into a Tavern one Evening along with his most intimate Acquaintance, and drinking pretty freely, a Dispute arose concerning the Orthography of a Word, which terminated in the Death of them both.

Such

Such are the blessed Effects of Drinking to Excess.

THE next Monument is a very great Rarity, and was erected by the Ministry, to a deceased Patriot, who in Spite of all the profitable Employments they could offer him, with the forcible Eloquence of a *Demosthenes*, confounded their Schemes, and open'd the Eyes of the Nation. His Vanity at last prompted him to accept of a Peerage, and he was Dumb for ever after. So near Truth is the famous Observation, '*that every Man has his Price*;' which would be established as an infallible Maxim, did not a BARNARD live to contradict it.

WITH what Contempt that Couple of Spirits survey each other! the one was a Beau, who spent all his Time in Dancing, Singing, and Dressing, till Death who purposely put on the Form of a beautiful young Lady, danced away with him in the Middle of a Minuet.

THE other was an Alderman, who killed himself by over-eating at a Lord Mayor's Feast, and was placed here by his own Order, to check the Vanity of

of his Daughter who had married a Lord.

WHAT do I see! said *Eugenio*, Cannons, Musquets, Swords and Spears—that must be the Monument of a Warrior.—That, returned the *Dæmon*, belongs to a General, who in several Campaigns never lost one Battle; and indeed to do him Justice, I cannot tell how it was possible he should, for he never could prevail upon himself to run the Hazard of one.

BUT yonder is a Sight indeed, a most superb and elegant Marble, erected by a most disconsolate Husband, to the Memory of his dear departed Wife. View the Inscription—how lavish he is in her Praise.—How tenderly he laments her Loss.—Such Instances of conjugal Affection are not very common: but our Wonder at this will a little abate, if we reflect that she lived but three Days after the Priest had joined their Hands.

ÆTERNÆ MEMORIÆ *sacrum*. Aye of a Scoundrel, continued *Asmodeus*. This Fellow had formed a Design to extirpate the female Sex from the Earth. He
poisoned

poisoned six Wives, and intended the same Favour to the seventh, but she luckily escaped, and soon after gave him his Passport to the other World, in a Glass of Rhenish.

WELL my good Friend, interrupted the Student, we have seen enough here.—Let us, if you please, shift the Scene and move to another Quarter. But before we go tell me the Name of your meagre Shade. He was a Man of very great Merit, said *Asmodeus*, and he was rewarded for it.—His Works were universally applauded, and he himself perished for Want. He was placed here not long since, by a Man who was desirous of purchasing Immortality at the cheap Rate of two hundred Pounds, which was laid out in carving the Poet's Bust, and his own Name at the Bottom.

CHAP.

C H A P. VII.

A very short View of the celebrated Academy of Newgate.

LET us now, said *Asmodeus*, enter the City, and take a Survey of the Prisoners in *Newgate*. There, what do you think now? Think? answered *Asmodeus*, why I believe I am no longer in the upper World, but have entered the infernal Regions. What Oaths! What Blapheming! What a Clashing of Chains! For Heaven's Sake let us retire, the very Air is infectious and pregnant with Distempers. Not in such haste Friend, replied the *Dæmon*, you forget sure that this is an Epitome of my own Country. It is Hell in Miniature.

BUT look in yonder Cell.—A dreadful Sight most certainly, said the Student, I see a poor Wretch loaded with Chains, stretched at his length upon the Earth, beating his Breast in the utmost Agonies of Despair, and a Woman lying dead by his Side.—What is the Meaning of this? The Man, answered his Instructor, was an industrious young Tradesman, who married

married the Woman you see dead by him, and has had by her five Children now living. Never was a more affectionate Couple.—But unavoidable Misfortunes in Trade, and the Severity of his inhuman Creditors, soon reduced him to want Bread. Unable to bear the piercing Sight of Wife and Children who were perishing; in the utmost Distraction of Mind, he loaded his Pistols and robbed an old Miser of about a dozen Shillings. He was soon taken, tried and condemned, and is to be executed Tomorrow. His Wife who came to take her last Leave of him, expired in his Arms, and the Parish is to take care of his Children. But is this Justice, said *Eugenio*, if it is, how near is rigid Justice akin to Cruelty? or can those who thus send an almost innocent Man to Death, have any Bowels? O thou eternal Being! were thou to judge each Action of those Men, with the same Severity they have used to this poor Wretch, unless thy boundless Mercy interposed, how dreadful would be their Portion!

NONE of your Exclamations, I beg of you, answered *Asmodeus*, you forget you have a Devil in your Company.

H

Homo

— *Homo sum,*
Nil Humani a me Alienum puto.

Might become the Mouth of a Heathen well enough, but it is what a modern Christian would scorn to repeat.

IN the next Cell is an intrepid Heroe, who has for many Years raised Contributions in this Metropolis; Justice has overtook him at last, but true as Steel, he resolves to die with the same Resolution he lived, and is drowning all Thoughts of Futurity in large Bumpers of Brandy.

NEXT to him is you see, a young Woman, who was condemned at the same Time, for murdering her Bastard Child; but having Youth and Beauty on her Side, she has just now received a Reprieve, and is locked fast in the Embraces of the Turnkey.

THE next is a Bailiff's Follower, who murdered a Person he had a Warrant to arrest. It is true, he might have performed his Duty without Bloodshed, as his unhappy Victim made no Resistance; but he chose effectually to secure his Prisoner, by knocking his Brains out. However,

ever, as he has the Honour of being a Limb of the Law, his Sentence will not be put in Execution.

OBSERVE that Youth fervently praying upon his Knees.—His Case is hard, but not singular.—He must suffer for a Crime he never committed. An old Jew being engaged in an amorous Conflict with an Inhabitant of *Drury*, lost his Watch in the Dispute. But not missing it till he came into the *Strand*, he seized this young Fellow, whose Misfortune it was to be walking close by him, charged him with the Robbery, and upon the Trial swore positively he catched his Hand in his Pocket. Perjured, murdering Villain! cried *Eugenio*, if the Truth should ever come to Light, must he not run distracted? Only shrug up his Shoulders, answered the other, cry he is sorry, and return to his Bulls and Bears in *Change-Alley*.

TURN your Eyes into yonder Room, which seems too elegant for a Prison. The Gentleman in Blue and Gold, who is drinking so merrily with his Friends, was committed for murdering a poor Watchman, in one of his drunken Fro-

lics; but being a Man of Family and Fortune, he has this Morning pleaded his Pardon.

LET us go, for I will not stay here one Moment longer, said *Eugenio*.

The Man that screens a Villain, is a Partner in his Crimes.

O *Astræa* ! Once more descend to Earth, and teach our Rulers to spare the Innocent and punish the Wicked !

C H A P. VIII.

The Reader is conducted by an easy Transition from Newgate to Bedlam.

SINCE you forced me to leave *Newgate* so abruptly, said *Asmodeus*, I will be even with you, and introduce you to a Place, I dare say, you will like as little. We are now at *Bedlam*—where you are at Liberty to make your Observations and see what miserable Spectacles the Lords of the Universe are, when deprived of their Senses. Yet remember when you pity their Condition, that Vice and Folly are

are often the Occasions of their coming to this dismal Place.

THE raving Creature in the first Cell is a Merchant, who had once acquired a Plumb and a Half in Trade, but losing fifteen hundred Pounds on the Insurance of a Ship, it has turned his Brain ever since.

THE young Woman next him, who is continually talking of Love, Flames, Darts, Sighs and Vows, is descended from antient Family in the West of *England*, and was debauched by a young Nobleman, famous for Exploits of this Sort, who made her a Promise of Marriage which he never intended should be performed, and her Senses have paid the Price of her Folly.

THE young Fellow you see with his Armsacross, is certainly an happy Man. He ran Mad upon the Loss of a Mistress to whom he was betrothed, who married another; and he had a lucky Escape, for there is not such another Termagant in Hell.—Her unfortunate Husband is continually imploring the Gods that he may change his Condition with the Lover.

HEY

HEY Day, said *Eugenio*, What have we here, this is a Madman with a Vengeance: how swift he runs round the Room.— Now he stops suddenly and shakes his Head, while the Tears run down his Cheeks. That, Sir, said the *Dæmon*, is a Poet, whom the Managers of the Theatres have driven hither, by refusing to perform a Tragedy he had written. The Title is *The Death of Patroclus*, and he himself is now acting the Part of *Xanthus*, one of *Achilles's* Horses, which he intended to have introduced upon the Stage.

THE Hump-backed Lad next him was sent here by the same Gentlemen, who would not permit him to act the Part of *Bevil* in the *Conscious Lovers*.

THE grave Gentleman that walks so sedately, is really to be pitied.—He was possessed of a plentiful Fortune, liberal to the Poor, and generous to his Friends. How came he in this Condition then, said *Eugenio*. Cannot you tell? answered his Companion; methinks it is not hard to guess what drives most Men mad who are married.

TAKE

TAKE Notice in the next Cell of that Cocker strutting along.—He exacts of every one that passes by him, the Title of my Lord.—His good Fortune was his Ruin;—having scraped together ten Pounds with hard Labour in the Space of twenty Years, he purchased a Lottery Ticker with the Money, and soon after found himself Master of ten thousand Pounds, which was the Cause of his removal from his Stall to this Place.

THAT old Woman you see mounted upon a Joint-stool, and preaching to a crazy Audience, was a Follower of the Field-Preachers, who terrified her out of her Senses, by threatening her with Hell and Damnation, for not contributing more than was in her Power, towards the Support of her godly Pastors. It has long been Matter of Dispute with me, said *Eugenio*, whether those Field-Preachers were not more Knaves than Fools. They have certainly most of the former in their Composition, replied the Infernal. However they may rant with an enthusiastic Madness of Heaven and Hell, they always take Care to fill their own Pockets.

THE

THE next is an odd Sort of a Mad-man, who had both Learning and Genius; but a visionary Turn of Mind and over-studying, has almost reduced him to the State of the Man recorded by *Horace*, who used to sit alone in a Theatre, imagining he was hearing the most excellent Plays. This Gentleman believes he is among the Dead and conversing with *Plato*, *Socrates*, *Aristotle*, and all the far famed Sages of Antiquity. In my Opinion his Lot is rather to be envied than pittied, nor do I believe, if he was to be restored to his Senses, that he would thank the friendly Hand that worked his Cure.

THE next Object you see, is a Female, a Citizen's Wife, who ran distracted because she was refused Entrance in *St. James's* on a Ball Night, and is now in Imagination the greatest Dutchess in the Land.

IN the next Dwelling are the Remains of a City Beauty, who being seized with the Small-pox, desired to view herself in a Looking-glass, and immediately, upon the Sight of her own Face dispatched her Senses in Search of her fugitive Charms.

END

IN

IN the next Cell is a Lawyer, who made the last Will and Testament of an old Nobleman, who died the next Day, and by some strange Fatality forgot to insert his own Name.

TAKE Notice of yonder venerable Matron with a dead Animal in her Arms. This Heroine bore not only with Patience, but Resignation, the Death of fourteen Husbands, and at last ran distracted upon the Decease of her favourite Monkey.

NEAR this Pattern of conjugal Affection is a Weaver, who was brought hither by being interrupted in the Midst of an Oration at the *Robin Hood*, by the Baker's Hammer.

IN the next Dungeon, lies the Body, (for the Soul is almost departed) of an eminent Physician, who being sent for to his elder Brother, when he lay in the utmost Extremity, declared all human Aid was vain, and refused to prescribe for him.—This saved his Life, for Nature having no Drugs to combat, recovered the Patient; yet by saving one Brother

his Life and Estate, she occasioned the other to lose his Senses.

THE next is a Naturalist, who is still in Debate with himself, whether a Curiosity he unluckily found one Day upon the Top of a very high Hill, is a common Pumice-stone, or an Antediluvian human Excrement.

BUT we have seen enough of these unhappy Wretches; let us now, if you please, take a Survey of the City.

C H A P. IX.

A Survey of the City.—Whores, Pick-pockets and Authors.

BEHOLD from this Steeple, continued *Asmodeus*, a Temple dedicated to *Venus*, whose venerable Priestess is continually employed, in finding out Means to satisfy the Wants and Necessities of Youth. In plain *English*, it is a Brothel, where for the Value of Half a Piece, you may purchase Diseases that will attend you to the Grave. Yet are the poor Wretches who are obliged to inhabit here, really to be pitied. That miserable Object you see expiring on a Flock-

Flock-bed in the Garret, is the only Daughter of an old Baronet, who is possessed of a large Estate. Having unluckily a Heart too susceptible of Love, she married a young Fellow of no Fortune, who had privately paid his Addresses to her. The Father who before seemed passionately fond of his Daughter, upon the News, acted as most Fathers do when they are disobliged; absolutely refused to see, forgive, or succour her; and the next Morning married his Cook-maid, and settled his whole Estate upon her. The Lovers struggled a long Time with Want and Grief, till Death at length in Pity sent the Husband to Rest. His Widow again applied to her *humane* Father; was refused Admittance, and — But let Humanity draw the Veil of Oblivion over her Errors. Let it suffice, that poor shrinking Virtue fled the Field, when Want cloathed in all its Terrors, stared her in the Face.

THE Girl you see yonder, crying in the Corner, is just brought in to this *blessed* Mansion. Being very beautiful and deprived of both Father and Mother, she was importuned a long Time by a young Gentleman, to submit to his in-

ordinate Desires; a large Settlement was offered her, but she nobly refused it. He then offered Marriage, the Proposal was accepted, and a sham Parson performed the Ceremony; but a Month's Cohabitation sated the Hero, who after undeceiving her flung out of the Room, and left her without a Penny. The Master of the House, who was entirely at the Devotion of his Landlord, arrested her for the Rent. The Lady, with whom she now is, being purposely sent by the Mock-husband, compassionately paid the Debt, and carried her to her own House.—It is easy to guess the Rest.

THE Person you observe in the Arms of a rotten Strumpet, is an eminent Merchant, who has a virtuous loving Wife and several fine Children at Home; but his dirty groveling Soul prefers the feigned Embraces of a perfidious Harlot, to all the soft Endearments of a virtuous Love.

I AM amazed, said *Eugenio*, to hear your Devilship speak favourable of *one* Woman, for in several Parts of your Narration, methinks you have treated the Sex with Severity enough. It is impossible,
answered

answered *Asmodeus*, even for a Fiend to resist praising a good Woman whenever she is found. In Justice to the Females, this I must say, " Though the Majority of them are Devils, they are generally Devils of Man's making."

In the next Room *Bacchus* and *Venus* are met together. See that Company of young Fellows with each his Doxey upon his Knee: How jovially they carouse! They are 'Prentices and Journeymen to Tradesmen not far off, and take Care to fleece their Masters to maintain their Whores. Seyerall of this worthy Society have been obliged to visit foreign Parts, and others more daring, if my Skill fail not, will make their Appearance at a certain Tripod.

ARE the Magistrates and their Officers ignorant of these infamous Houses? said the Student. To speak Truth, replied the Infernal, the Magistrates in this Part are, but their Officers squeeze a good Livelyhood out of them, by visiting the Owners once a Quarter, demanding Hush-money, and making them promise to behave better for the future.

THAT

THAT antiquated *Messalina* in the next Room along with a Porter, is a Lady of Quality, who having exhausted all her Servants, is compelled to make a Trial of the Frequenters of the Stews; but her Lust is unconquerable, and she returns to her own House every Morning tired, but not satisfied.

I OBSERVE, said *Eugenio*, in a House at a small Distance, which seems to be an Alehouse, a Company of blackguard Fellows drinking in a little Room.—A Man comes in and gives them a Watch, and see they all get up in a Hurry and depart. The Man who came in, answered *Asmodeus*, is a Watchman, who having conducted a Gentleman home, who was a little in Liquor, thought proper to pick his Pocket of his Watch: He has now been giving that Gang of Thieves (for such they are) Intelligence of a House he found left open by Negligence, and they are gone to rob it while the honest Guardian is going his Rounds.

WHAT a Quarrel is yonder, between a Whore and a Rogue, who go by the Name of Man and Wife; see she has plunged

plunged a Knife in his Bosom: The tragic Effects of Gin and Jealousy.

BUT yonder, is indeed, a humourous Scene, continued *Asmodeus*, an old Fellow and his Servant quarrelling. The latter saved the Life of the former not half a Year since, by cutting him down (like a Fool as he was) when he had hanged himself in the Stable. His generous Master, being about to part with him, has deducted a Groat from the Fellow's Wages, for the Halter he cut in order to preserve him.

IN the Parlour of the spacious House on the left Hand, is a young Nobleman, making his Addresses to a Merchant's Daughter. His great Soul condescends to mix his illustrious Blood with a Plebeian's, in order to recover his Estate which he has lost at Play. The Lady fond of Title and Equipage, will now despise her Father's Clerk, and bear a Coronet and the Pox. for Life.

IN the next House, is a Man talking in his Sleep. He is a Lawyer, who dreams that he is in the lower World, and making his Defence at the Bar of *Minos*. When he comes

comes there in earnest, he will find the Practice of that Court different from any he ever saw in his Life.

NEAR him, is a Gentleman who has rid Post to Town, to procure his Pardon for killing a Man: He has not only obtained it, but is made a Justice of Peace, and has now in Imagination before him a poor Beggar, whom he is committing to Prison for stealing a Rasher of Bacon.

IN the second Story over the Justice lies a Person who has left his own House, because he fancied it was haunted, and taken a Lodging in this. He dreams every Night that the Devil is coming to fetch away his favourite Gold, and last Night when the black Gentleman had got the Bags in his Arms, he insisted upon going along with them where-ever they went.

WHAT Horror and Grief appear in the Looks of yonder young Fellow! He has dreamed that his Father is come to Life again and demands his Estate.

PRAY *Asmodeus*, do me the Favour to inform me who those People are who
are

are Singing and Dancing so merrily. They are a Company of Beggars bred up in Laziness, who are enabled by the charitable Donations of well-disposed Christians, to spend every Night in Riot and Debauchery.

STOP *Asmodeus*, said *Eugenio*, do you not perceive it is almost Morning? Yes, answered the Infernal, for yon old Citizen who is drawing on his Boots, is to dine to Day at *Hammer-smith*, which is the longest Journey he ever went in his Life, and has compelled his Family to get up so early to accouter him for the Expedition.

In the next Bed is a young Lady of fifteen, who dreams that she is metamorphosed into Miss *Danae*, and that *Jove* is descending thro' the Tiles in a Shower of Gold; this Dream is not so romantic as you may imagine, for see, her Father's Footman has just got to Bed to her, and as he is a strong-backed Fellow, may prove a formidable Rival to the Thunderer.

Who is that Man, said *Eugenio*, going out of his House so early? He is, answer-

ed *Asmodeus*, a Person worth remarking. He is supposed to be a Jesuit by some of his Neighbours, by others a Highwayman, as he constantly appears well dressed, and has no visible Way of Living. But what is he? said *Eugenio*. He is, replied *Asmodeus*, a Gentleman who has a very large Estate in the Country, but has lived privately many Years; the Business of his Life is to relieve Prisoners, and other Objects of Charity, and succour unhappy Families who have fallen through Misfortunes to Decay.

THAT old Fellow sneaking out of the Corner House, is a Clergyman, whose austere Looks and devout Appearance make him pass for a Saint; though Desire hath many Years survived Performance, he has just quitted a young Girl, whom he privately keeps.

OPPOSITE this House you may observe an old Man on his Death-bed, and his Chamber crowded with his Nephews and Neices, who are beating their Breasts, and tearing their Hair, with all the Expressions of frantic Grief. But his last Breath is parted from his Lips.—The Voice of Sorrow is hushed, and they have already begun

begun to rummage his Coffers, Then amongst those Floods of Tears not an honest one was shed, said *Eugenio*. Yes, replied the Infernal, the old Groom in the Stables is paying the last Tribute to the Memory of his departed Master.

THAT old Woman sitting by the Fire-side, I have a very great Regard for. She was first married to an eminent Banker, who promised his eldest Daughter to a young Merchant, but dying before the Marriage could be consummated, he left his Widow, who is a very prudent Woman, the Management of his whole Fortune. The Lover after a proper Time, attended the Dowager, in hopes to obtain the Daughter. But how great was his Surprize, when the good Lady carried him into her Closet and accosted him in these Terms, "Look ye, Sir, I will deal
" honourably with you. You shall have
" my Daughter, if you insist upon it, but
" not one Farthing Portion. Mr. *Squeezum*
" died worth fifty thousand Pounds, if
" you think the Money will compensate
" the Loss of the Girl, here is my Hand,
" you shall be Master of me and mine
" To-morrow." The young Fellow who was a Citizen and a Man of Business, af-

rer a few Minutes Hesitation, agreed to the Match, called a Hackney Coach, drove to the *Fleet*, and the first Parson tacked them together.

IN the next House a miserable old Dog has just now done the only good Action he ever performed in his Life. He has hanged himself in the Cellar. He lent a Gentleman, who at the Time was in want of Cash, twenty Pounds, but took Care to deduct fifteen out of it for three Months Interest. An Action was soon after brought against him for Usury and Extortion, and he has done that Justice to himself, the Hangman should long since have done for him.

THE next you see is a pretty Miss of Threescore, who alarms her Servants ten Times a Night, by crying out a Rape, though her Face is a perfect Antidote against Love. She has the Vanity to think every Body that speaks to her is enamoured of her Charms. A certain Bishop happening to make her a Bow as he was descending from the Pulpit, she sent him a Letter next Day, desiring him not to prosecute his Suit any further, for she was resolved never to marry, her
Con-

Constitution being too tender and delicate to endure the Pains of Childbirth.

IN the Garret in the next Mansion, is a young Author, who has obliged the World with several Productions, but thro' want of Taste, in this ignorant Age, they have been utterly neglected. He has lately dreamed, as *Hesiod* did of Yore, in the Vale of *Asora*, and is now finishing an elaborate Performance which will meet—with the same Fate as its Predecessors.

OBSERVE a Woman embracing her Husband with the utmost Tenderness. The poor Man has been married these six Years, and never knew an happy Moment till this. Her Tongue, which came the nearest of any mortal Thing, to the perpetual Motion, has never been still all that Time, till within this Quarter of an Hour, when this Reverse of *Socrates* unable to bear his Sufferings any longer, strap'd her heartily, and you see the Consequence.

E. contrario, that Merciless Rascal who is kicking his Wife about the Room, has been out all Night with his Whores, and

is

is making his Wife, whom he left without a Morfel of Bread, this Recompense for sitting up for him. But this is the last of her Torments, for she dies under her Bruises, and the Villain will be hanged.

TAKE Notice of that Company who are drinking and huzzaing. They are Sea Officers upon half Pay, who transported with the Thoughts of an approaching War, are beating the *French* over a Bowl of Punch. But will they fight as stoutly as they drink? said *Eugenio*. Yes, that they will, answered *Asmodeus*, the *British* Seamen are the bravest Fellows upon Earth; give them but Brandy and Tobacco, and they are a Match for a Legion of Devils.

WHAT do I see, said the Student, a Ghost walking at the Break of Day? No such thing, replied the Infernal. It is a roguish Sexton, who having dressed himself in a white Sheet with a Torch in his Hand, frightens the People out of their Senses, whilst his Associates are robbing the Church.

O THE Pleasures of a Wedding-Night,
continued

continued the *Dæmon*, the old Fellow you see rising in such a Hurry, has been married this Morning, and is getting up to fetch a Midwife to his Spouse, who is ready to tumble to Pieces.

THOSE two with a Farthing Candle burning dimly before them, are of the Race of *Cain*. They have sate up all Night to contrive a Lie for the Day, in order to sink the Stocks, that they may purchase the Cheaper. *New England* is to be swallowed up by an Earthquake, and fourscore thousand Troops with the Pretender at their Head, are to land in the West of *England* out of four *French* Fishing-Boats.

IN the Public-House, at the End of the Street, up three Pair of Stairs, is a curious Collection of Epic, Dramatic and pastoral Poets, Historians, Geographers, Essayists, Novelists, political Writers, &c. who all subsist upon the Generosity of their Patrons the Booksellers, “not the worst Judges or Rewarders of Merit.” These Gentlemen, for by their Profession they demand that Title, receive so much a Sheet for their Productions, though the Money is never paid till the Work is com-

completed. But as Authors as well as other Mortals must eat; the Landlady of the House has Orders to allow each Gentleman Six-penny worth of Eatables and Drinkables *per Diem*, which is scored up and duly paid once a Month by their Masters; Tyrants, I had almost said, for their Severity to these poor Geniuses is incredible. It was but Yesterday, that the Writer of Essays was arrested by his Washer-woman, and the Geographer was obliged to furnish a Paper for the Day. At the same Time one of the Dictionary Makers was ordered to do into *English*, several select Passages in *Homer*, as a Specimen of an intended Translation of the *Iliad*, from the original *Greek*—of Madam *Dacier*. Adieu, ye Slaves of the worthy Successor of the immortal *Curl*! May ye, when this transitory Life is past.

Altho' not cramm'd with Custard, nor with Praise,

*Be gather'd to the Dull of antient Days,
Safe where no Critics damn, no Duns molest,*

Where Gildon Banks and high-born Howard rest.

As

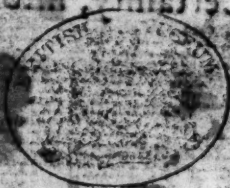
As the *Dæmon Asmodeus*, pronounced the last Words, he suddenly seized the Student *Eugenio* round the Waist, and descending with him into the Street, abruptly left him and vanished into Air. Whether or not he ever returned and resumed the Conversation, we cannot yet, with any Certainty, inform the Public.

F I N I S.

Advertisement.

THE Distance of the Author from the Press, not allowing him to revise the Sheets, has occasioned several Typographical Errors, which the Reader is desired to excuse.

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 As the Doctor, however, pronounced
 the last Words, he suddenly leapt the
 Staircase Eugene round the Wall, and
 descending with him into the street,
 abruptly left him and vanished into Air.
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